

Harmless

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Summary: Sirius Black was bored. And when Sirius Black is bored, bad things happen. But this time it's not too bad... is it? Sirius comes up with the clever idea to time travel to the year 2000 to see themselves in the future. But is it really all that they hoped? And more importantly, will they destroy the timeline in the process?

1. Chapter 1

The Dangers of a Marauder's Idea

Sirius Black was bored, and when Sirius Black was bored, bad things happened. He was sitting in his dormitory, brainstorming ideas for a new prank. His best friend, James Potter, was off stalking his crush, Lily Evans, and his other friends Remus Lupin and Peter Pettigrew were studying together at the library. Sirius, for one, thought studying was for nerds. Or losers. It was then that he had what he considered his best idea yet. He opened the Marauders map, located James, and ran off to find his best friend.

A quarter hour later, James and Sirius made their way to the library to look for books. James, Sirius and books are normally not words to be heard in a sentence together, but Sirius had an idea. His best idea. And he was going to do anything it took to make it work. James was grumpy, because apparently he had been getting some quality "Lily watching time" before Sirius had tore off his invisibility cloak, resulting in them having a few hexes thrown at them. Soon enough they reached the library, a place they had practically never been in except to pick up Remus or Peter. They took a few deep breaths, as though entering a library was a life-threatening task- to them perhaps it was- and stepped in. One of their other best friends, Remus glanced up at them and sighed exasperatedly.

'What is it now?' he asked.

'Actually, we aren't here for you, although once we find what we're

looking for, we'll make sure to include you and Peter.' said Sirius.

Remus looked at them very suspiciously. For some reason, everyone seemed to think that the day James and Sirius went into a library with free will was the day they finally lost it. James snorted, and quickly opened and pulled Sirius under his invisibility cloak.

Remus let out an outraged shout: ' Where'dya think you're going?!' as they slipped into the restricted section.

'Ah Ha!' Sirius cried loudly, pulling out an old book called mysteries of time.

'What was that?' madame Pince, the librarian asked. Madame Pince was a thin and bony woman with many wrinkles and tight lines etched into her face. She was known for her extreme temper, throwing people out of the library for the smallest of reasons.

' Sorry, miss.' They heard Remus reply quickly. ' I just found what I've been looking for.'

Meanwhile, Sirius opened the book but was disappointed to find that it just contained strange history stories. Many more false alarms followed, until James eventually found '_rarest and strangest-ancient forgotten spells_'

'Ooooooooooh' said Sirius, flipping through it. ' Look!' he hissed excitedly. ' Time travel!' they had found what they were looking for.

2. Chapter 2

How to Spell Time Travel

It took a good two days to convince Remus to agree to Sirius' idea. He had insisted that it was too dangerous.

'C'mon, what could go wrong?' asked Sirius. At Remus' sarcastic raised eyebrow he insisted. 'It'll be Harmless!'

When they finally did, using the good old 'maybe there will be a cure to lycoperthery in the future' trick, Remus insisted they changed their appearance beforehand, and didn't tell anyone when they were from so they wouldn't create a time paradox. They had agreed to his demands and headed straight to their dormitories, where the book sat, innocently, waiting for them. Peter had asked if he could cast the spell, and they, of course, had agreed. Remus cast the spell to change their appearance. James now had red hair and green eyes 'like Lily' he had announced proudly. Sirius had shortened his hair and turned it blond, and changed his eyes to brown. Remus and Peter both darkened their hair and eyes.

' Alright.' Said Remus quietly. ' Remember what I told you. Now go Peter, cast the spell.' Remus was worried. It was against his very nature to agree to do something like this, in yet here he was anyway. Meanwhile, Peter lifted his wand, took a deep breath and cried the spell from the book.

'TEMPEREGINA! '

Peter cried. The four had decided to go ahead to the year two-thousand, therefore twenty-four years in the future, so Peter concentrated really hard on the number, squeezing his eyes shut. Meanwhile the other three found themselves surrounded by a glowing silvery-blue mist which swirled from the ground to the roof.

' I don't think Peters coming with us.' Said James, noticing that the last Marauder wasn't in the circle. Suddenly a golden ball of light seemed to explode inside the spiral, filling everything, even their minds, and tugging at them from all sides until the light grew so bright they had to cover their eyes. Then all three of them were dragged into the ball of light and everything went black.

When Peter opened his eyes, he found himself alone in the dormitory, no one in sight.

3. Chapter 3

A Good Alibi

The first thing the Marauders saw when they opened their eyes was the Hogwarts hallway outside the headmasters office.

' Oh great it didn't work. It just _teleported _us. Hang on , this could be useful.' Sirius exclaimed. Remus was the first to realize the difference.

' This wall... It looks cleaner, newer. And were these cracks always here?' He muttered, stroking the stone walls.

' Hmm- why would they rebuild Hogwarts in the future after all these years? And why rebuild it but not remove the cracks?' he questioned. James stared at him, then at the wall.

' Moony, I think that you're right. Hey let's talk to Dumbledore and see what's up.' He walked over to the gargoyle and began going through the usuals. ' Sherbet lemon, Chocolate frogs, Bertie Botts every flavour beans, Sugar quills, Pumpkin pastries-'

' We haven't had passwords like that since Dumbledore was headmaster.' Came a familiar strict voice and they spun to see Minerva McGonagall, only far older, with gray hair and many wrinkles.

' Pro- Professor McGonagall' gasped Remus, only barely refraining from crying "Oh how you've aged!"

' Headmistress McGonagall, actually.' She replied, eyes narrowing on the boys. ' Who are you, and what are you doing at Hogwarts?'

'Erm...' they had not thought about that, and all of their brains were still busy trying to process the fact that Albus Dumbledore was dead. That it was physically possible for Albus Dumbledore to die.

' We are trans- transfer students.' Said James stiffly after a few moments of silence. ' We were looking for the headmaster-

mistress.'

' Yes we were homeschooled, but we decided to try a real school' Added Sirius quickly. Remus, realizing that they didn't look related, said: ' We've been best friends for ages so when our families happened to err- moved here, we decided to go to Hogwarts.'

' Alright...' said the headmistress. ' And you're names are...?'

'James Patterson' James lied.

' Siri- os- er- Siros Black- wood, yeah- Siros Blackwood.' Sirius invented wildly.

' Romulas Armston.' Said Remus calmly.

'hmmm...' she said. ' I don't remember sending you a Hogwarts invite.'

' Oh well- ha ha ha- funny story really.' sputtered Sirius nervously. Remus nudged him roughly.

' You didn't. My father thought you must not have gotten the letter requesting to attend Hogwarts, so we came in person.' Remus lied smoothly.

' Good, good.' She replied distractedly. ' You will need to get sorted of course- the ceremony is tomorrow. What year are you in?'

' Sixth,' they answered in unison.

' Well boys, welcome to Hogwarts school of witchcraft and wizardry!'

4. Chapter 4

Differences and discoveries

The head boy, Dennis Creevey, welcomed them, ushered them to his table to sit while they waited to be sorted, and told them a bit about Hogwarts, all of which they knew of, until he said:

' And Hogwarts is of course most famous for the battle of Hogwarts, when Harry Potter finally defeated You-Know- Voldemort once and for all.'

' _Battle of __Hogwarts__!?' _gasped Sirius.

' _Defeated _Voldemort!?' cried Remus.

' Harry _Potter!?' _ exclaimed James.

' Yes.' He replied, narrowing his eyes at them. ' When so many died... including my bro-brother.' He whispered, voice shaking. They managed process and understand all of what he was saying, except for the Harry Potter bit.

' So who is this- uh- Harry Potter?' asked James hesitantly.

' Only the boy-who-lived!' said Dennis. ' The bravest man who I've ever met! '

' Er- Any relation to James Potter?' asked Sirius.

' Course, do you know of him? In some of the many articles I've read about him, it mentioned he was Harry's father who died the night Harry defeated Voldemort for the first time.' The marauders stiffened, and Sirius felt tears tugging at his eyelids. His best friend was dead, and James son defeated Voldemort! Before they could ask any more questions, the sorting ended, and Mrs. McGonagall stood to give her speech.

' Welcome all, to another year at Hogwarts school of witchcraft and wizardry! Unfortunately, Pomona Sprout,' the marauders looked up at the familiar name ' Has decided to retire. We have a new Herbology teacher, Neville Longbottom.'

' Longbottom?' Remus hissed to them, ' As in Frank Longbottom, the auror?' James and Sirius nodded in affirmative, observing the new professor, who stood up, blushing. A great shout of applause, greater than any other they had ever heard, went up around the hall, though Remus noticed the Slytherins didn't look as cheerful.

'Blimey, Neville!' cried Dennis, clapping.

' You know him?'

' Course, anyone who fought for the light in the year of the battle knew him. He was the leader of Dumbledore's army in the dark year.'

' Dumbledore's army?'

' A group who fought against the death eaters.'

'We also have new students.' Professor McGonagall's voice interrupted them, 'A rare occurrence, but with Hogwarts newfound fame' she sound a bit sarcastic. ' Not unexpected. These are James Patterson, Siros Blackwood, and Romulus Armstrong, joining sixth year. Now, then, they will need to get sorted. Um- So then, Mr. Armstrong, you first.' James watched as his friend stumbled to the front, appearing almost as nervous as the first time around. After a moment, however, the hat sorted him into Gryffindor; and Sirius quickly followed, the hat sorting him almost instantly. When it was his turn he strutted forward, having no doubt of where he was going.

'Hmm... Ambitious, arrogant, clever... you have some nice Slytherin traits there' James barley resisted the urge to rip the hat off his head.

'No? Not all Slytherins are bad, you know. Everyone seems to forget about Slughorn, who fought in the battle, or Regulus Black, who died-'_

'Regulus!?'

'But you're right, I'm rambling. You're also brave, loyal, reckless, and a prankster. I suppose It'll be-'_

'GRYFFINDOR! '

James quickly returned to the table, vowing not to speak of this to his friends, ever. Soon the plates filled with food, and James, finding himself rather hungry, ate his fill and more.

After dinner, Dennis took them to their dorm, which they shared with three other boys, Euan Abercrombie, Cronus Quaker, and Jean Swonman. The dormitory looked completely different than they remembered it, but that was to be expected. Upon asking about the cracked new walls, Dennis had explained to them that since the walls were destroyed by magic, that cracks couldn't be completely removed. The marauders really did not like the sound of this whole battle thing.

5. Chapter 5

****Cold, Hard Stone; Cold, Hard Place****

The marauders had the whole first day off, no classes, so they decided to make the best of it by discovering more about the future. Dennis had told them the day before about a war memorial built by the lake which had the names of those who died in the battle of Hogwarts, so they headed there after breakfast. It was a terribly windy day, and the gales bit sharply into the marauders flesh through their scarves as they walked. And then, there it was; a tall, flat, almost majestic stone of pure white marble. On the top it read:

In Memory

The names were printed side by side, row by row, in alphabetical order.

'So many,' whispered Remus softly, his words almost carried away with the breeze before Sirius could catch them. He allowed his eyes to travel the stone.

' Creevey. That would be Dennis' brother. And- oh no.' Sirius broke off, pointing at the name. 'Nymphadora Tonks. My cousin.'

Suddenly Remus gulped softly, stumbling back. His entire face has gone stark white, and his hand shook as he pointed to the name carved into the solid stone.

Remus Lupin

Sirius said nothing, but took James hand in his and clenched it tightly, never wanting to let go for fear of him dying, disappearing forever and leaving him all alone. Sirius raised his other hand to trace the names on the marble, feeling each crevice in the rock; each carving which was a name of a person who died, and was gone forever from the world, all too soon. Luckily, he did not recognize any more names, but it was bad enough with the ones he did.

' 1998. I was only 37.' Remus whispered.

' Yeah, well mate,' said James, letting go of Sirius' hand, and putting his on Remus' shoulder instead. 'I die at 20, so really, you shouldn't be complaining.' Sirius felt another stab of pain at the

revelation. James only had about 4 years left to live.

The Marauders had returned inside, completely shaken, and eaten lunch in silence. After lunch Sirius had taken a deep breath and said,

'It was a mistake to come here. We need to go back home.'

They had spent the afternoon searching the restricted section under James invisibility cloak; which he had brought with him, for the book, and at last, Remus found it. Sirius opened it and flipped to the right page.

' It's a good thing the library wasn't destroyed in the battle.' Remus commented with false lightness.

'Ah hah! Wait- The Counter-spell is a potion?'

'Are you telling me,' Remus asked, his voice dangerously low, ' That you sent us off without even checking that there was a counter spell?'

'Um... I refuse to answer that question.'

' Hmm- it looks easy to make but- It needs a month to brew!?'

James read the book. ' Well, we may as find out as much as we can about the future while we're here.'

'Yes, I suppose so. But for now, bring that cloak of yours. We have some potion ingredients to steal!'

End
file.